

our thoughts, yet slue is
beyond our
words. She, who is noble, her
sorrow
lias to be great.

Vikram

Friend, you have come to
me like

^{* v}
the first sudden breeze of
spring.

Now my flowers will follow,
with all
the memories of the past
happy years.

[DEVADATTA

goes.

(Enters CHANDRASEN.)

Vikram

I have glad tidings for you.
I have
pardoned Kumarsen.

Chandrasen

You may have pardoned
him,—but
now that I represent
Kashmir, he
must await his country's
judgment at
my hands. He shall have his
punish-
ment from me,

Vikram

What punishment ?